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 \* WHAT! TAKE SOME WHISKY WITH A SPOON?  
 \* GAYBOY REPLIES: "I'D JUST AS SOON" \*  
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There's a Kansas firm that's making a brand new kind of booze. They say you cannot drink it; you may eat it if you choose.

They mix it up with stearin and with glycerin as well, and it's packed in pasteboard boxes that are every bit as swell as any fancy box of soap that ever you did see.

It only takes a cake or two to make a jamboree. The family man will have a cinch when this stuff gets to town. When he comes home packed full he need not fear his wife's frown.

"I did not have a shingle drink," he'll say quite truthfully. "I musta had a bite for lunch that dishagreed wiz me."

There's more truth than poetry in the above. Commissioner Royal E. Cabell of the international revenue bureau at Washington, has just decided that whisky is whisky if it's solid and the tax must be paid.

A Kansas firm has originated this new style of jag producer—

alcohol combined with glycerin and stearin. The product resembles soft glycerine soap in consistency.

#### CROSSING SEA TO DINE

Back to old England for Christmas, and home again in less than two weeks—that's the program of jolly crowds who have engaged passage in the greyhounds of the sea.

Think of crossing the Atlantic to dine with the old folks, then crossing again to resume business in America after a fortnight's absence. What would Columbus, the Pilgrims' dads and all the slow voyagers of dead and gone centuries say to that?

Well, for one thing, they would think it odd that anyone could afford the price. And that sort of staggers us, too.

Madero orders: "No quarter for the rebels." A few months ago he was himself the rebel, but now he's the government, which is more comfortable.